

THE MENTOR

"A Wise and Faithful Guide and Friend"

Vol. 1

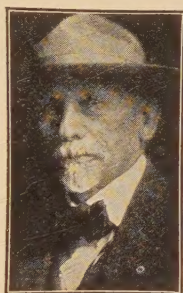
No. 23

SPORTING VACATIONS

EXPLORING

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CANOEING

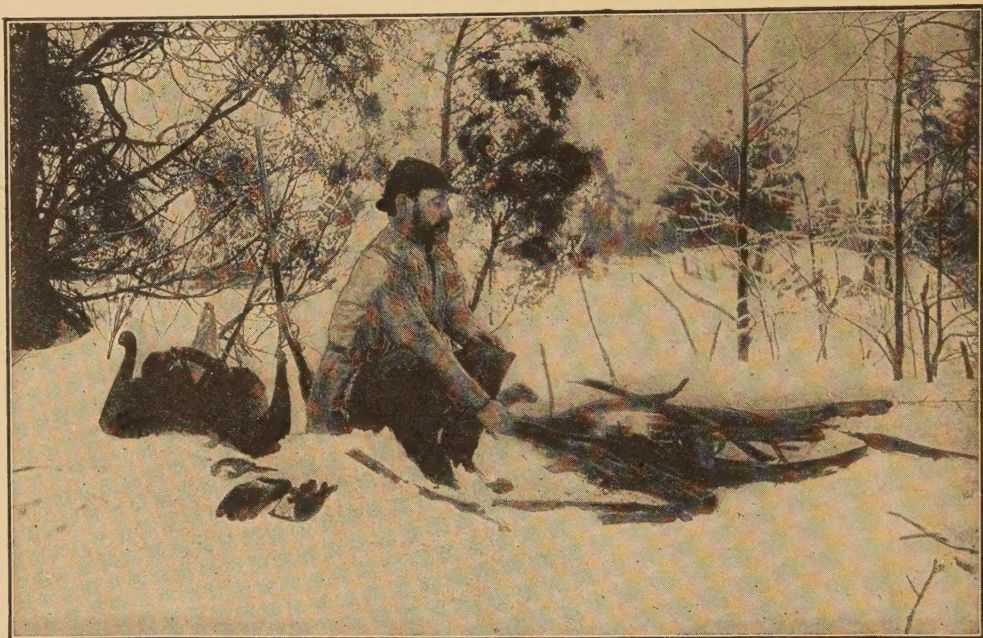
CAMPING

WOODCRAFT

By DAN BEARD

TO be happy one must be normal; to be normal one must occasionally go where one can tell the difference between day and night without looking to see whether the men have business, afternoon, or evening dress,—where one will know that it is morning without hearing the milkman's bottles clinking under one's window; where one will recognize springtime without inspecting the women's bonnets, summertime without a ticket to the roof garden. Yes, one must go where the seasons mean something more than a change in the fashion of clothes, somewhere where one can get one's toes in the dirt and head in the sky!

To create something from nothing is foolish for us to attempt; but to *re-create* a thing is to make it over, and this is within the limits of our power. Re-creation and recreation differ only in pronunciation; consequently it is paradoxical to indulge in any sort of dissipation for a vacation and call it recreation. To re-create ourselves, we must abandon the gaiety of the cities and strike the trail, which necessitates the



A CAMPFIRE DINNER

W. T. Hornaday on Rattlesnake Mountain, Wyoming.

vigorous use of our muscles and brains in the open air. Some of us may even hit the arduous trails traveled by Greely, Peary, Shackleton, Scott, and Belmore Browne, the "great white way" that leads to the arctics, the antarctics, or the top of Mount McKinley.

THE JOY OF OUTDOOR LIFE

Among those suffering with business indigestion are many who would love the hardships necessary for outdoor achievement, if they possessed the strength of character requisite to break away from the flesh-pots and to become real men. To such I recommend the power of suggestion, and advise them to read books of travel and exploration; to seek the company of outdoor men; to think over and talk over outdoor subjects; to repeat words and phrases suggesting vigorous outdoor life; to talk of the whisper of the leaves, the droning of the bee, the singing of the birds, the gurgling of the spring, the gossiping of the brook, the crunching of the snow underfoot, the flap, flap, flap of the snowshoes, the squeaking of the ungreased wagon wheels, the clinking of the spur and bit, the creaking of the saddle leather, and the breathing of the bronco. Here take a breath and begin again, this time with the whistling

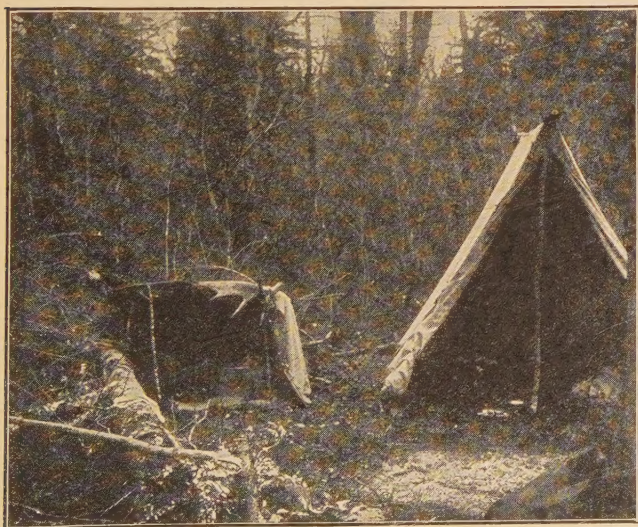
of the marmot in the slide-rock, the bugling of the elk on the mountain-side, the grunting of the moose by the lonely lake, the bellowing of the bison on the wide prairie, the woof, woof, woof of the startled black bear, the yap, yap, yap of the coyote in the swale, the war-whoop of the barred owl, the weird scream of the eagle from the crag, the long-drawn howl of the timber wolf in the river-bed, the wild, creepy yell of the panther at night, the roaring of the mountain torrent, the booming of the thunder, the crashing reverberations of the avalanche.

After repeating these suggestions, then let the patient read from Robert Service's "Songs of a Sourdough," "The Law of the Yukon," and read it aloud and with a vim. It will do him good.



A FISHERMAN'S KIT

And with it a fine catch of fish.

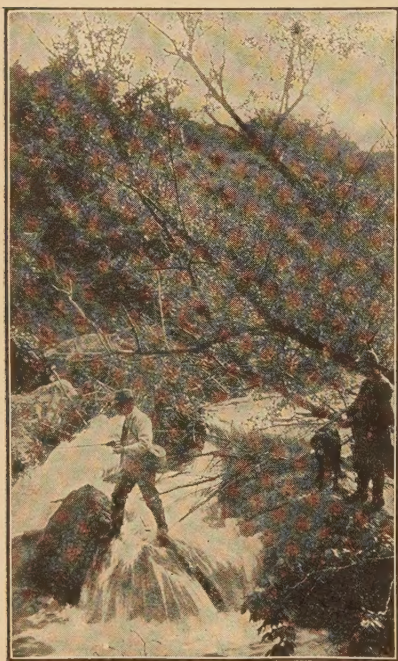


CAMPING

In the woods of Ontario, Canada. Daniel C. Beard, 1887.

SPORTSMANSHIP

A sporting vacation does not necessarily imply time spent shooting; for if the reader is in search of thrills he will soon discover that it requires more nerve to photograph dangerous animals in their native haunts—that is, to face them with a camera—than it does to face the same animals armed with a deadly repeating rifle. At the same time I should not advise anyone to en-



FISHING

At Salisbury, Conn. It is in such a spot as this that the big trout lurks.

season'; but a gunner believes in killing 'all the law allows,' and objects to long closed seasons."

TRUE HUNTERS

In the West we have true hunters; the gunners come mainly from the East. But hunting is the term that appeals most to an American saturated with the hunting lore of his pioneer ancestors. The chase, the pursuit of big game, is manly, exciting, normal, and healthy; the slaughter of the game is disagreeable. Besides, sportsmen are beginning to realize that the existence of wild life depends primarily upon the smallness of the bag of the hunter, and they are consequently exercising self-restraint.

gage in this sort of photography without the protection of a good rifle.

When it comes to the real thing in sportsmanship, however, the capturing of dangerous animals with a lariat excels anything ever invented in the line of exciting and thrilling sport. The feats accomplished by Buffalo Jones and his American cowboys, horses, and dogs in Africa are real thrillers. With no weapon but their lariats, these men captured alive a full-grown lioness, a rhinoceros, various antelopes, leopards, and zebras, furnishing us an example of what real skill and daring in the game field can do, and making a record breaker in the line of sport.

Dr. Hornaday says, "A sportsman stops shooting when game becomes scarce, and he does not object to a 'long closed



THE CRITICAL MOMENT

In an instant, if you know your business, you will have him.

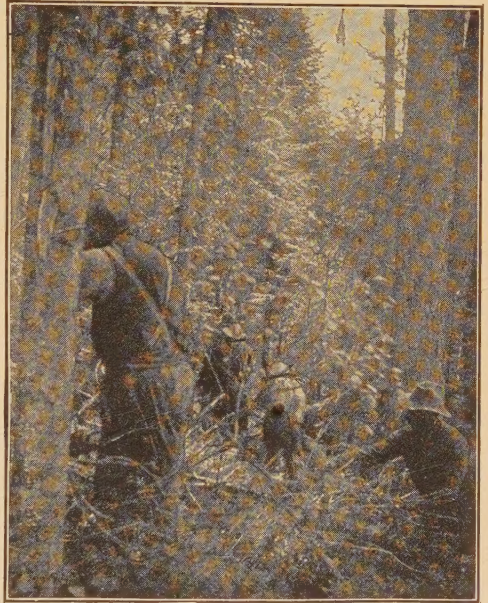
It requires self-restraint for the man with the gun to limit his bag when the game is in sight. But, if he will remember that this country is now thoroughly settled; that practically every woodcock, every covey of quail, and black ducks and wood ducks, are marked by the local sportsmen, who await only the signal gun of the opening season to wreak havoc among them; that with modern arms and good dogs these birds can be literally exterminated almost in a season,—he will then realize the necessity of self-restraint. With the exception of Long Island, the Bob White has been exterminated in all the southern part of New York state; the same is the case almost all over the length and breadth of Connecticut.

The gunners are wont to attribute this to cold winters; but they forget that ages and ages before the white men reached these shores the winters were as cold, or colder, than they are now, and the birds survived. It is the dog and gun, and only the dog and gun, which is exterminating our game birds.

THE FUN OF FISHING

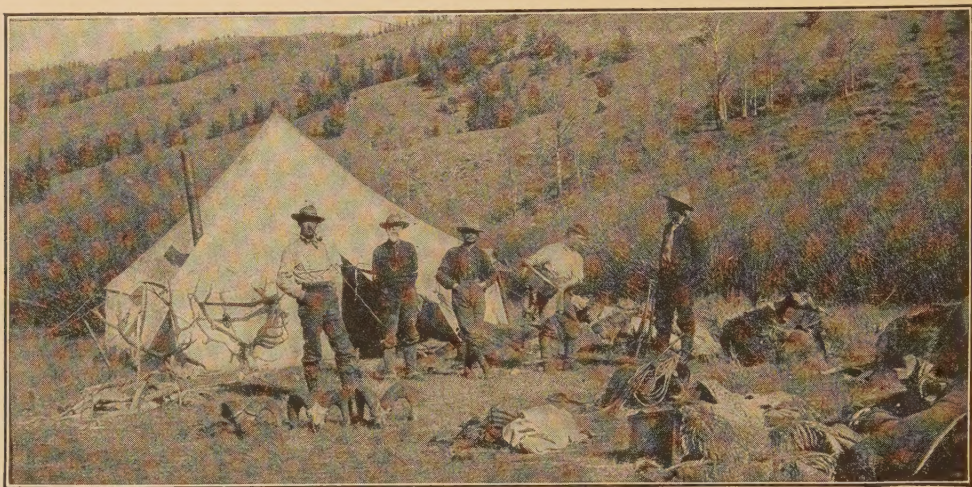
Angling is perhaps the best sort of recreation with which to break in an indoor man or one who, through indulgence in the fleshpots of Egypt, is compelled to carry his knapsack in front. Such a man can do "still fishing" sitting comfortably in a boat, while a guide paddles him around. This occupation will at least keep a fat man out of doors, and, by his efforts to circumvent the wiles of the "hook-wise" fish, furnish a healthy stimulus to his mind. If the novice takes to the trout stream, it will furnish him with all the exercise his soft muscles can stand; but he will have the satisfaction of knowing that when fatigued he can sit down.

Should the amateur fisherman crave for thrills that cannot be furnished by trout, bass, or salmon, let him join with Charles F. Holder and his men of the Tuna Club of Santa Catalina and try swordfish and horse mackerel, or visit our southern coast and have a bout with the "silver king" (tarpon); but whether he fishes for twelve-inch trout or seven-foot



CUTTING A TRAIL

This rough work was done in order to make way for a portage.



A DISPLAY OF CREDITABLE TROPHIES OF A HUNTING TRIP IN WYOMING

swordfish, he will add to his physical health, moral strength, and intellectual acumen, and agree with the writer that a sporting vacation is the most satisfactory vacation for a man to take.

It is not even necessary to be successful in filling your creel really to enjoy your fishing excursion. Bear in mind that the object of our vacation is not to act the part of a predaceous animal. We are using the rod and gun only as an incentive to take us away from our desk, our counting room, our books, our pulpit, and our study. We want to catch fish when we go fishing, and with ordinary luck we shall do so; but even if our creel is empty we shall go back with our lungs filled with ozone, our skin sunburned, and our hearts full of joy, because fishing, like a game of chance, always leaves its enthusiasts with the hope and expectation of winning out next time.

CANOEING IN MANY WATERS

If you do not care to hunt, photograph, or fish, possibly canoeing will appeal to you more than lassoing full-grown lionesses, as a sportsman's proposition. I have canoed in the waters of Florida, in the muddy streams of the Middle West, in the deep, dark waters of Lake Chelan in the state of Washington; but the most enjoyable trip I ever took was with a couple of the Camp Fire men and six Indians among the practically unexplored lakes and streams of northwest Quebec. In two weeks' time the only human beings we met on these beautiful lonely lakes or the bosom of the swift-rushing cold-water streams were a couple of Têtes Brûlés Indians traveling north and a Montaignais Indian trapper and

his squaw. Each portage we traveled over was crisscrossed with the foot tracks of moose, caribou, deer, and bear. We passed beaver signs, and lived upon the finest trout that exist anywhere in the world. The rapids were many and thrilling. At night we pulled our little craft up on the shore, put up our tents, feasted, and slept the sleep of the just. Ah, but that was living!

CAMPS AND CAMP LIFE

But if you wish only to camp, it is not necessary to travel any great distance. There are camping sites within trolley-riding distance of every city in the Union, and no one is too rich, no one too poor, no one too young or too old, to camp. Millions of babies have been born in camp, and some of the oldest people on record have spent the greater part of their lives in camp. If you have no tent, build yourself a shelter of boughs and branches. Take nature books along with you—a tree book, for instance—and identify the trees around your camp. Use little wooden tags, write their names on them with a hard pencil, then nail the tags to the trunks of the trees identified. Do not collect natural objects, but collect notes and photographic negatives, and remember that it is not



A PACK TRAIN.

In the Rocky Mountains, Montana. A wild and picturesque region.

necessary to cut down trees, pull the wild flowers up by the roots, shoot the birds and animals, in order to learn their names and habits. You are out primarily to lead a gipsy life, a vagabond's life, or even a savage's life; but if you keep a definite object in view as an excuse for your excursion you will come back strengthened in mind and body, and believe with me that pessimists do not flourish in the open.



CANOISTS

Resting at one of the portages, in the woods of northwestern Quebec.

IN A BEAVER CUT

Showing the way cleared by these industrious creatures.



CANOISTS

At La Toque, Quebec, Canada.

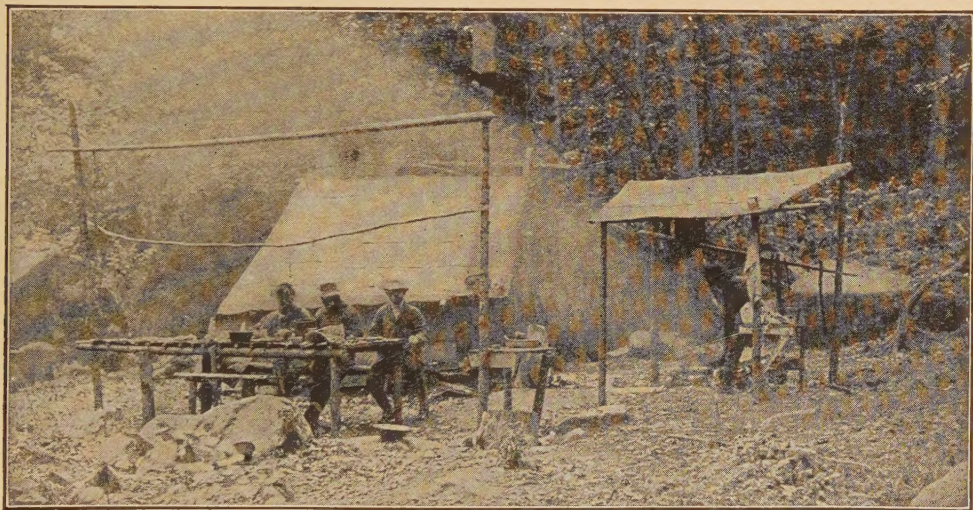
WOODCRAFT

Mr. Beard studying the work of a beaver. This tree has been chopped nearly through.



Daniel Boone, Simon Kenton, George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, and practically all of that body of wonderful buckskinned men, were deeply religious men. It seems to be the rule that men of action are men of religious conviction. It also seems to be the rule that men of action are optimists. Now, whatever our private

belief, we must admit that the man with the spiritual mind and an optimistic viewpoint is the happiest sort of mortal. Go to the open with tent and camp paraphernalia, or go with only your blanket and ax and your provisions, and build your own shelters, or purchase or lease some waste land within reach of your home, and erect upon it a little log cabin, a slab shack, a frame shanty, or a rude bungalow,—something that you can build with your own hands; for the building of it will give you more joy and a more complete sense of ownership than is experienced by the wealthiest man who has his camp or bungalow built for him by other men or purchases it outright.



AN EARLY BREAKFAST

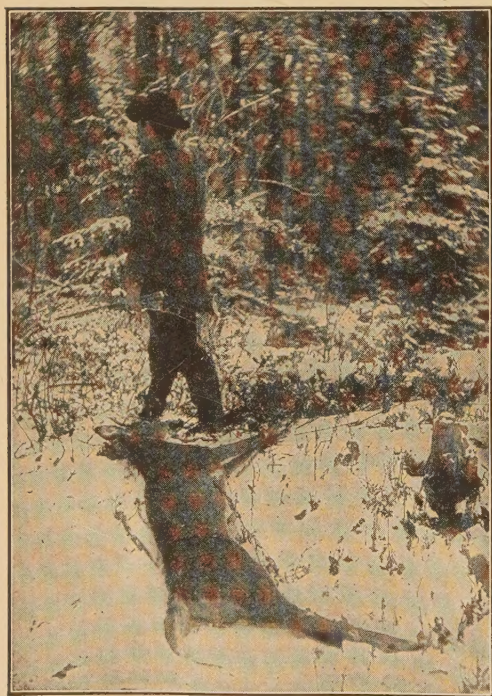
Beginning the day in a mountain camp, Adirondacks

WOODCRAFT

If a man seeks the open for no other purpose than the study of woodcraft, he will probably have as enjoyable a time as is possible for a normal human being to experience. Woodcraft covers all the problems developed by a life in the woods. One may learn how to pack a horse, how to throw the diamond hitch, how to throw the sling rope for a mountain pack saddle for side or top pack, how to pack a dog, how to make one's own moccasins, to be skilful in the use of ax or hatchet; learn how to whittle with a jack-knife, how to chop down a tree with safety to the axman, how to make the tree fall just where one wishes the log to lie, how to make twine of milkweed bark, or the green roots of the

tamarack and other trees, how to mark the trails by bending down bushes or blazing trees.

Whole books may be written upon woodcraft alone,—how to follow the trail of men or animals; how to notice a leaf that is turned the wrong way, a pebble that has been disturbed which tells you the fact by showing you a dampened surface where all the other pebbles are dry; to know the difference between a striped maple that has been stripped of its bark by a moose, a poplar that has been cut down and



HUNTING

Deer in the Canadian woods. A prize brought down.



DUCK SHOOTING

In northern Virginia.

stripped of its bark by a beaver, a beech from which the bark has been gnawed by the porcupine, a pine tree, spruce, or balsam, the bark of which has been lacerated and torn by the claws of a bear; to know these things at sight, and hence to know what animals are hiding nearby; to tell the difference between the tracks left by the sharp-pointed hoofs of the deer, and the

tracks left by the more rounded and blunt hoofs of a stray razorback or domestic pig; to distinguish between the track of a moose and that of a domestic cow,—these are the things you can learn only in the outdoor school.

EXPLORING

Because you are a tenderfoot, do not allow that to cool your ambition to be an explorer. Every explorer was once a tenderfoot. The real pleasure of exploration is to feel that your trail is the first trail that ever crossed that section of the country. It is the primal love of adventure that spurs you on, the same incentive that makes the small boy climb the face of a dangerous cliff to cut his initials at a higher point than any of his comrades have yet reached.

The novice must remember that in outfitting for any excursion, be it near home or in some remote spot, the problem of transportation is the governing factor. If, for instance, he must carry his pack on his back, everything not absolutely essential must be left at home. Even a strong man cannot carry a pack of over fifty pounds day after day; although he may carry more than double that for a short portage where he is buoyed up by the knowledge that at the end of the carry he can lay down his pack.

There is one more piece of advice for the tenderfoot, and for all who think they cannot take time for a vacation, and that is to get all the catalogues and books of sport that can be had. The reading of them and gazing upon the illustrations will start the minds of the "stay at home" in a healthy channel.



THE CAMP BARBER

A primitive but much appreciated feature of camp life.

SUPPLEMENTARY READING

Field and Forest Handy Book	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i>
Animal Book	<i>Daniel C. Beard</i>
Camp Fires on Desert Lava .	<i>W. T. Hornaday</i>
Camp Fires in the Canadian Rockies	<i>W. T. Hornaday</i>
Tent Dwellers	<i>Albert Bigelow Paine</i>
The Last of the Plainsmen .	<i>Zane Grey</i>
The Blazed Trail	<i>Stewart Edward White</i>
Burning Daylight	<i>Jack London</i>
African Game Trails	<i>Theodore Roosevelt</i>
Songs of a Sourdough	<i>Robert Service</i>



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AFTER A DAY'S HUNTING





WHEN one has packed his things and shipped his ammunition and camping outfit, when he has left the office for the last time and is indeed on his way to the train which is to take him to the hunting grounds what a feeling of exhilaration comes upon him! Nothing to do for a week, two weeks, or a month, but hunt and fish and be

refreshed in a life near to Nature! Even now, those whose inclinations have this bent, are planning and preparing for their fall hunting trip. It may be that you will go again to Dakota for wild geese. How well you remember last year's trip,—the getting up before dawn, the freezing drive out over the prairies, then the tramp to set the decoys, the wait in the bitter cold, the break of dawn in the east, and finally the "honk, honk" and the whistling whirl of the approaching birds!

Or, did you go for ducks along the shore of the Chesapeake? If so, you recall the early trip to the shooting blind, the setting of the decoys, and then how you settled back into as easy a position as possible which you could hold without much moving about, and how surprised you were to find yourself just nodding for a second, and to wake and see the water alive with ducks which you had to shoo away before you could get a wing shot.

Then you live again vividly those few days you spent with your good dog among

the wood partridges; your tramping cautiously about the undergrowth until the covey was pointed and the rising birds gave you a right and left shot which you made, to your great delight.

Perhaps you go after bigger game—deer in the north, or moose in Canada. How you shook with excitement when your first moose came by, so that you made a clean miss, although the target was big enough and the shot an easy one. Since then you have grown to be an old hand with the rifle, as the mounted heads in your club and your den evidence. Even the grizzly and the mountain lion of the Rockies may have succumbed to your prowess as a hunter, and the long, hard climbs, the hunting for "sign," and the days of no success have merged into a remembrance of weeks pleasantly spent among glorious surroundings, air that was invigorating and redolent of pines, scenes of beauty beyond description, and an appetite that would make an ostrich bury its head in the sand.





ENTLY the man in the khaki suit made his way down the bank, and out on the dead, overhanging cedar trunk. Off somewhere a woodpecker was hammering, and in the big oak near at hand a squirrel was chattering. Just down the stream the rapid fumed and fussed, until suddenly it sank out of sight in a deep, black pool. That

was the spot! Carefully poising his rod, the man made the cast. The line spun out, the fly went straight to the center of the pool—splash! A gleam of silver, a sputter of the surface, and he felt the deep delight that always comes with a pull of the line and a bend of the rod. The fish fought and sulked and fought again, until at last, guiding the line carefully with his left hand, the man bent low and scooped him in with the net in his right. Three pounds, silver and speckled, and panting with the unequal struggle!

There is no more exhilarating sport in the world than trout fishing, despite the hard work, the long walks, the discomfort of pushing through bushes and branches, and the slipping on the wet stones and logs.

Maskalonge fishing is different. If you are after maskalonge, you go to the smaller lakes in the north, or to Canada. Either with frog or minnow bait, or with a fly and "spinner," it is best to cast along the edge of lily pads in the morning or early evening. It is necessary to have a guide or one of the party row the boat, for

a maskalonge of any size is all you will want to handle.

The cast is made; there is a vicious strike and a terrifying splash, and almost before you are aware of it the struggle is on. The line sings through the water. The reel spins around so fast that it burns your fingers, and of a sudden there is a leap for freedom. Clear out into the air comes the great fish, and shakes himself to free the hook. Then down he goes, making for the other side of the boat; then up again into the air. With a taut line you need not fear his leaps; and after a while he tires of this form of exertion and makes for the bottom, to sulk and gain the friendly protection of the weeds.

All this time the oarsman has been pulling you into deep water, and you have had a chance to take in a good deal of slack line. Then, tired out with the fight, the fish is pulled to the top and captured. The maskalonge is often called the tiger of fresh water because of its fierce characteristics, and it sometimes grows to a very large size.



THERE are so many attractions about camping as a means of enjoying one's vacation that it is almost in a class by itself, especially in the comparatively newer portions of the country, and in the older parts also there are many thousands who enjoy this form of recreation. Its greatest advantage over the summer resort is that

one can go into the wilder and less frequented country, and need not be tied to the neighborhood of settled communities. It is true there are some disadvantages, but to the experienced camper these do not count. There is a lot of work to be done, there are some discomforts to be met with; but these are outweighed by the pleasure and the freedom experienced.

One thing is absolutely essential to the successful camp—water. There must be a stream nearby or a lake at the tent door—and a spring for drinking water is necessary. And there should be woods, for shade and to furnish that air of mystery and privacy that add so much to the pleasure of camp life. After the first experience one has a pretty good idea of the necessities of this form of outing—a good tent, with fly to keep off rain and sun, bedding, provisions, cooking equipment, boat or canoe to explore the neighboring water. First of all, after the start, is the choosing of the camp site, which should be open enough and high enough to keep it free from dampness. An ideal site is a level knoll top, sloping at the back to the woods and in front toward the lake shore. When once the tent is pitched, bedding of green

pine boughs installed, and the daily routine established, the hardest work is over, and the campers can settle down to pure enjoyment.

The days are free of care and nights exhilarating, and it is no wonder that appetite, sleep, and good health are the rewards. There are long tramps by day, or canoe trips to distant waters, fishing or hunting, to replenish the larder with fresh meat.

Then the evenings around the campfire—they are compensation for many times the work and trouble. The night air is chilly, and sweaters are brought into use. Seated on logs or rough chairs, you watch the flames leap up from the pile of brush, and listen to the pleasant crackling of burning cedar and smell the delightful odor of pine. And you listen to songs and stories and smoke many pipefuls of your favorite tobacco. Then the fire burns down to the glowing logs, the great moon comes up over the lake, away off a loon cries, and from the woods back there comes the hoot of the owl. A sense of peace and quiet steals over you in this bewitching hour and when at last the time comes to turn in, you go to bed clear headed and content.





THE lure of the unknown is strong in all of us. We like to find the hidden bays, to make our way up strange rivers, to prowl along roads new to us, and to explore the woods. And if there are mountains near, we take the keenest pleasure in climbing every face of them, on the lookout for strange creatures and hidden caverns.

Aside from the search for gold, it must have been this feeling, to a great degree, that prompted and spurred on the early explorers in their wanderings.

What is more invigorating than to start out with a good companion and a comfortable stick for a day's tramp through the woods, with no appointments to keep and no "park rules" to observe? Old shoes and a suit that rough usage will not hurt, a drinking cup and luncheon in your knapsack, are the only needs. Forth you go, breathing the air more deeply in very anticipation of the pleasure that is to be yours. City streets are left far behind, meadows and forests line the road. How merrily the birds are singing! The meadow lark skims along with its burst of silver notes; away over in those bushes the thrush's song is bubbling out in liquid tones.

Striking through the woods, the long forest aisles, shaded and cool, stretch away from you in the distance. Squirrels scamper and look at you from behind their trees of refuge. A rabbit bounds

across the way and is gone into the underbrush. And you saunter on, eyes open for everything about,—tall trees and nodding ferns and flitting woodpeckers. By and by, at the edge of a little stream, you find a place to have your luncheon, with the music of the water—sweeter than that of any orchestra—sounding in your ears.

Perhaps you have set out to climb a mountain, not by the beaten path, but over a new one of your own choosing. It is hard work, scrambling, pulling yourself up, wriggling along narrow ledges. Now, under an overhanging rock, you find a cave that has been used at some time or other by man, for some of the rocks are black with smoke. Who were they that used this refuge in this out-of-the-way place, high above any water or any roadway,—Indians, train robbers, ordinary tramps, counterfeiters, or just common prowlers like yourself, bent on nothing more than a holiday of exploration? To these things there is no answer, and the uncertainty and mystery of it only adds to the many pleasures of your day.



THOSE that are familiar with the characters of Cooper's novels have wondered at and perhaps envied their knowledge of the woods, their remarkable ability to detect and interpret the signs they saw there, and to get along with the least assistance in all the varying moods of the forest country. Woodcraft was the Indian's

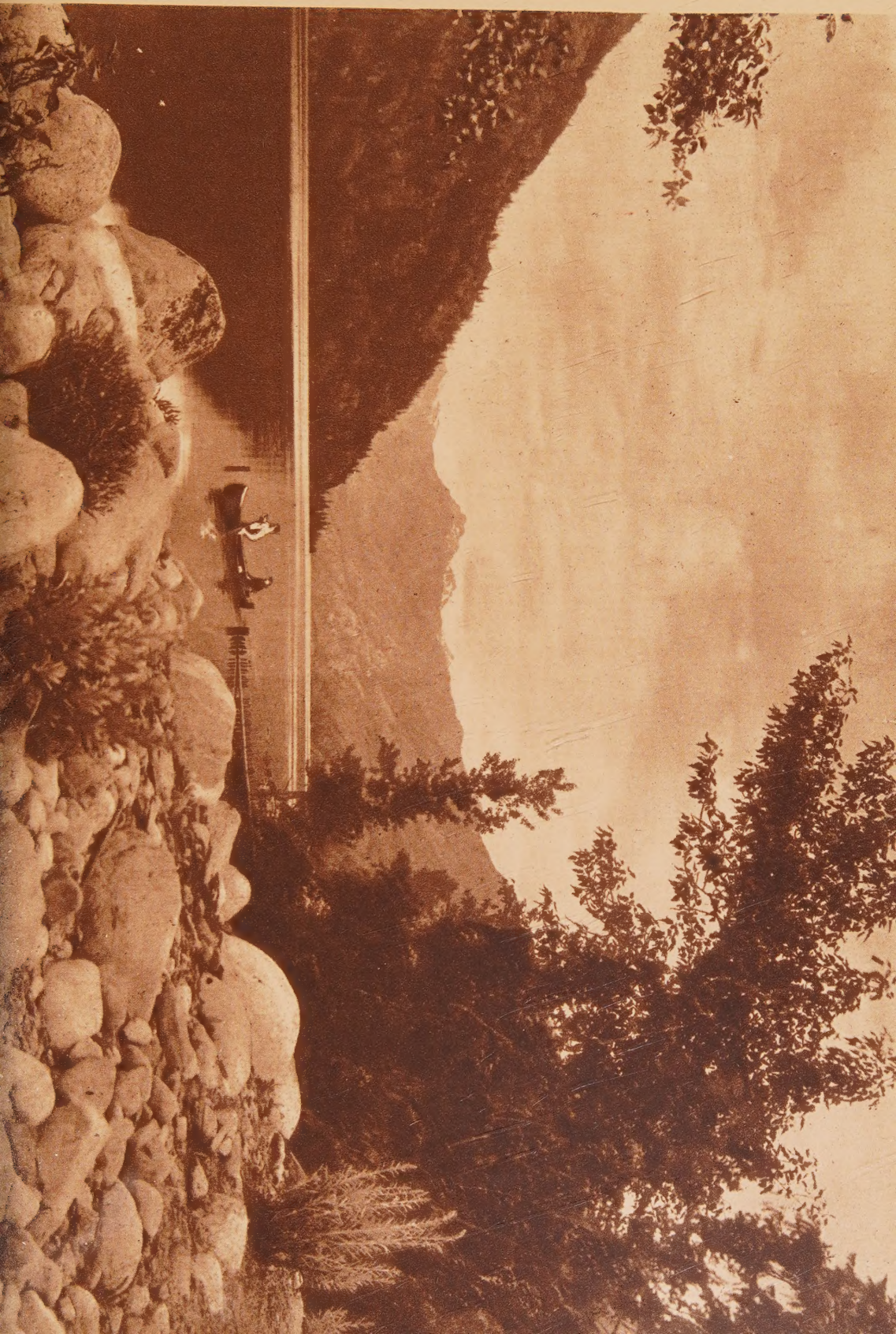
life. From childhood he had been lulled to sleep by the wind in the pines or the ripple of the brook; in his waking moments had known the call of the loon, the shriek of the panther, the querulous call of the little owl, and the stealthy approach of the enemy. He had seen the braves of his tribe strip and prepare the bark from the birch tree to make canoes and fashion vessels for the maple sap, and he had watched the women weave baskets from the green twigs of the willow, and mats from the reeds along the margin of the lake. He knew how to trap the wild hare and he could tell the fox's den from that of the woodchuck or the skunk.

The trait is something almost instinctive and intuitive that gives to a few the power to find their way through vast tracts of wooded country, where it seems impossible not to become lost. Quick and acute observation of landmarks helps greatly to notice this giant oak, or that bend of the stream, or yonder fallen elm, or the crow's nest in the big pine, or the nature of the country itself, whether hilly, or low, or rocky.

Many people in the woods do not even notice the blazes on the trees, and it is easy for them to stray from the trail and lose

themselves. Nor would they discover their foot-prints when they have circled and are covering again their own route. It pays to know how to fill your pack so that it will carry most easily; to know when to rest, and how rapidly to walk in order to reach one's destination. When camp is to be made, experience helps to choose the site, away from swamps and low ground, to select the proper boughs for the bed, and to cut the pieces that will serve many useful purposes about camp. It is also useful to know that birch bark or pine knots will serve well for kindling, and it should never be forgotten that the utmost care must be taken to prevent the spread of fire in the woods. Indians built a fire not more than 12 or 18 inches across, and always put it out on leaving.

One of the greatest pleasures of life in the forest is to come to know the trees in all their variety, and to learn the birds, to listen to their songs, and to sit and watch the squirrels and rabbits and whatever wild things may be in the neighborhood. If one does these things intelligently, it will be but a few years before the great green out-of-doors will hold for him a fascination that is at once intense and inspiring.



TENTS and poles and provisions and all the necessary paraphernalia have been stowed away in your canoe; you pause a moment to think whether you have forgotten anything; your companion is seated in the stern, holding to the bank with his paddle. You step gently into the bow, pick up your paddle, the canoe shoots quickly

down the stream, and you are off. Two weeks in your tiny floating home to go where and when you will! The very thought of it makes you want to sing with joy. You need not worry about paddling down stream; for it is easy work, and all there is to do is to steer clear of logs and overhanging trees and shoal rapids. The water laps musically against the rocks, and a gentle breeze adds greatly to your comfort. Softly the banks glide past, with their wealth of deep forest shade and the countless cosy little nooks where you would like to linger.

At the first turn, where the river widens, a blue heron rises clumsily and wings ponderously over the trees, with outstretched neck and legs, and you easily snap him with the camera.

Farther on, a pair of ducks skim swiftly along the water, and, rising, circle with whistling wing-beats, back to where you started from.

In the next quiet spot, where the banks are low and marshy, a muskrat swims swiftly and silently across in front of you.

Gradually the stream becomes swifter, and there, below, is the first danger spot

in the trip, where the water rushes in among the rocks with a roar and much foaming and fretting. You both are all attention now. Keeping close to the left bank, in a flash you are in the rapids, and are borne swiftly down, carefully guiding the little craft past the rough spots. One or two quick turns give the experience plenty of excitement, and then, almost before you realize it, you are floating quietly on the river below, and the rapids are behind you.

This is a rare spot to take a fish for dinner, and with the first cast you know that you have made no mistake, for the fly disappears with the quickness of magic, and instantly you are playing a fine brook trout. Another, and then two more, and you have enough.

Landing beside an ancient oak, and near a clear, welling spring of cold water, you prepare to make camp. The tent is pitched, boughs are cut, a fire is kindled, and soon the pleasant sound of frying fish and the exquisite odor of coffee greet you.

And the best part of all is that, as you quietly stretch out near the fire, you know that tomorrow holds still more delights.